The Second Part.

To the ſame tune.

Sheele ſit alone with you and ſweare,
By God that did her make,
Whiles breath within her body is,
ſhee will not you forſake:
Shee'le let you top, and ſtroake and kiſſe,
Shee'le let you doe much more:
But youngmen all, now by my fall,
take heed truſt not a Whore.

Now here I lye, my friends doe fly,
My wench doth quite forſweare me,
Her fathers houſe is but hard by,
and yet ſhe comes not neere me mee:
Impriſon I for her doe lie,
Cloſe by her fathers doore:
And young men all now by my fall,
take heed truſt not a Whore:

My Creditors they chafe at me,
For my time ſpent ſo bad,
And ſcarſe I ſee no friend I haue,
is for my griefe now ſad:
And thoſe that loud in former times,
They now doe me abhore:
Then youngmen all now by my fall,
take heed truſt not a whore.

My halfefolkes they doe ſend to me,
And oft on me doe raile,
Now am I plagud in miſery,
heere lying in the Jayle:

But if that I come out againe,
Though I be nere ſo poore:
I neuer more will giue conſent,
to meddle with a whore.

You young men that in London line,
Take heed by this my fall:
For if you ſtill will follow whores,
they will deuoure you all: (friends.
Your coyne, your ſtates, your health and
Then turne you out of doore:
O Young men all by this my fall,
take heed truſt not a whore.

Now farewell all you Prentiſes,
That doe in London dwell,
Leaue all thoſe vices, which will bring
one day your ſoules to hell:
So with my heart prayer for you,
I now will ſay no more:
But wiſh you all both great and ſmall,
take heed leaue not a Whore.

FINIS.

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